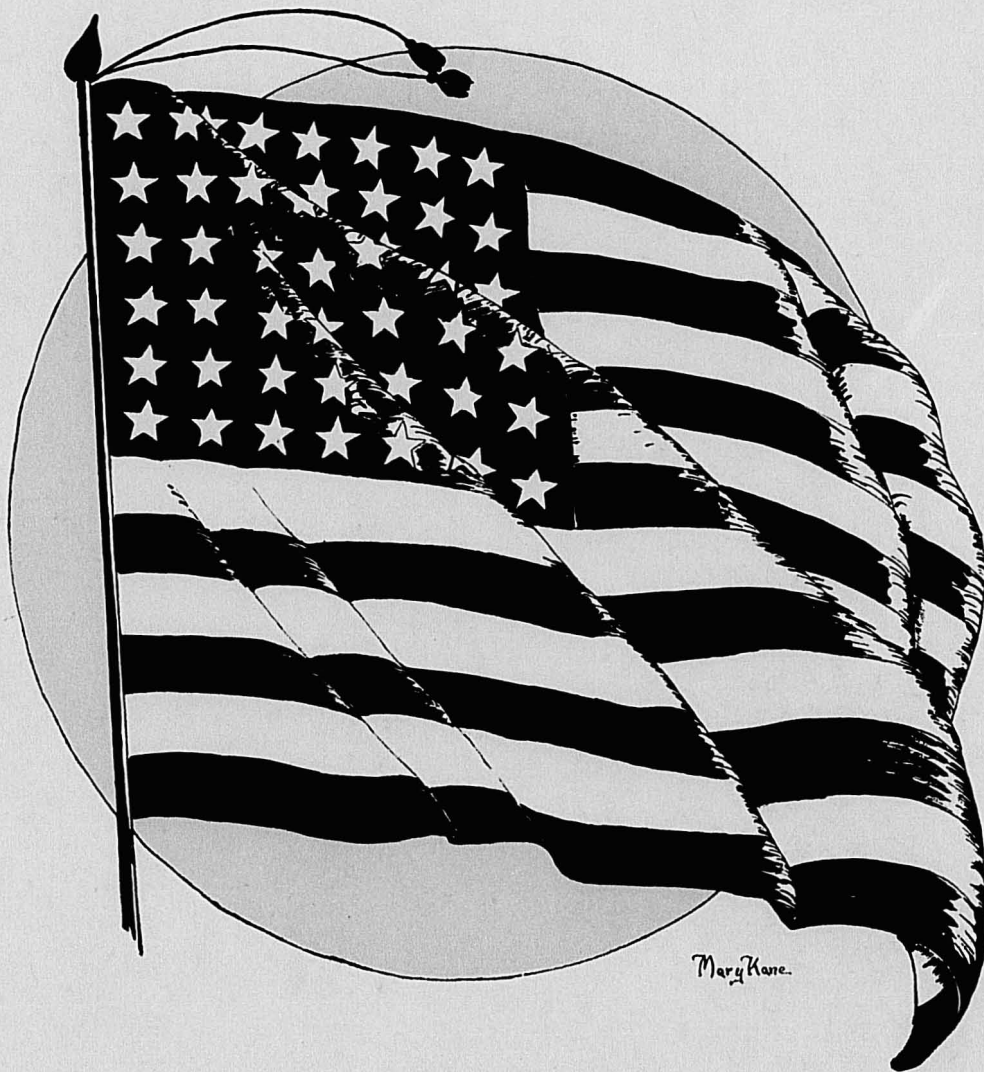


THE GLEAM



Mary Kane.

WINDMOOR

The Gleam

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Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., February, 1927

No. 2

A Prayer

WHO am I, who dare to pray?
And yet—ah, do not turn
away!
Such as I am, I come to Thee
Such as I am, Lord, pity me.
Accept the will that is so weak,
The love I know not how to speak,
The little, broken offering
Of all I am, of all I sing,
Of all I think, and hope and feel
Take all, O King. Far off I kneel,
And cannot rise to go to Thee
Unless thou comest, first to me.

—Mary Dixon Thayer in America.

An Interview with Father Wheeler, S. J., a Mis- sionary from Jamaica

"No—I've never been interviewed before but I shall be delighted to tell you anything I can about Jamaica. What do you want to know? Anything? Everything? Well, now, that takes in several square miles at least. Maybe you'd like to hear about the mission's progress—or the 'Bushman flappers'? Yes—I guess the flappers have it. These dark-skinned maidens really dress—pink hat, green dress, red sash, white cotton stockings, and a size eighteen shoe—there you have the Jamaican 'Bush' belles on their way to Mass at the 'big church.' Oh, yes, they're vain, like some of the United States flappers, but unlike the girls over here who favor as pets the Pekingese, rats have a very special place in their huts. Their antipathy is directed towards the lizards, which abound in the vicinity and which are thought to be poisonous.

"The medicine, or oboat men, play a prominent part in the superstitious life of the Bushman. Even white men have been known to take advantage of this credulity.

"When a member of a Bushman family dies, the medicine man officiates at the

ceremony which consists chiefly of howling for several hours in order to frighten the spirit and prevent its return to the body.

"How do I get around in this hilly country? Why, my chauffeur drives me (much laughter). Yes, my chauffeur. He's a Jamaican. My car? (grins). A high-powered Ford—past its fifth birthday—and just by way of enlightenment, I'll tell you my chauffeur's salary—five dollars a week! And besides his duties as chauffeur, mechanic, sexton and general handy-man, he serves me at Mass and acts as personal valet. All for five dollars a week!

"Now maybe you would like to hear about the work the missionaries are doing. They aren't making the progress they should, their means are so limited. There are only about twenty priests in Jamaica to take care of some fifteen thousand Catholic souls, and we need support from the more prosperous countries. We can only do as much as the Catholics of this and others make it possible.

"Thank you. I've enjoyed this very much, and I hope I have told you something you can use."

CHARMIAN COFFIELD,
CATHERINE CLARKE.

The Candleholder

"For I light my candle from their torches."—Burton.

The mention of a mission benefit party may be very suggestive of something monotonous, boring or even too religious to attract attention. Somehow, such events are always anticipated by the students of Windmoor with the greatest pleasure, especially when the Freshmen are the hostesses. The Masque given on February 2nd was a decided success with a glorious fish pond as the chief feature. Species never before witnessed in an aquarium were on display. It would be criminal to omit the mention of the hamburger stand where even the most exacting Windmoor appetite might be satisfied. All of this and then—music sounded the grand march and the parade started. Prizes for the most attractive and the most ridiculous costumes were given to Dolores Dwyer and Marion Snow respectively. The lights were growing dim—in fact, it grew dark, and a silver screen appeared with a Cecil De Mille production—of all shows—"The Volga Boatman," and how we enjoyed it. Every scene made us realize it would end too soon for the music was a treat in itself and no wonder—Catherine Clarke was the pianist. There is scarcely any recompense we can offer for such a movie,

such a party, such a class, or for our one-man orchestra—"Pancho" Clarke!

"In the spring a young school girl's fancy slightly turns from thoughts of studies—however, you should not yield to the temptations of the beautiful out-of-doors yet, for you may 'live in dreams.' Now, 'dig a little deeper' until you have passed the final examination on the last day of school, and then your dreams will come true. Your glorious summer vacation for which you have planned so long has arrived at last. And just think what fun you would have missed had you not had it to look forward to.

"Let the thought of summer be your incentive to work—now."

Here are just a few true facts from which some energetic "would-be story writer might build up a sensational wonder" of the year. (The writer herself is the heroine).

Setting and Introduction: Downtown in Kansas City. A slippery sidewalk. The heroine's street car is in sight.

Rising Action: The heroine running to catch the car. Heroine falls in front of Jaccard Jewelry Co.

Climax: A man rushes to pick her up (entrance of the hero).

Falling Action: Heroine was not hurt—merely splashed mud over face and hands. She misses the street car.

Denouement: To be left to the author's will.

One of the most "remarkable" examples of will-power today is in the matter of dieting. How many times have we gotten up from the dinner table after satisfying an enormous appetite and said, "Oh, if I had only had enough will-power to resist the whipped cream. But tomorrow, surely, I am going on a strict diet." In the morning mother refused to allow that will-power of ours to manifest itself at breakfast and we go to school with the firm resolution that at lunch we will win the fight for there will be no one to force us to eat. When twelve o'clock comes there is a mad rush to the drug store, and when we gaze in the window with longing desire our will-power beckons us away. There is a battle in the mind for five minutes—shall I or shall I not yield? Finally, the decision is reached that a fudge sundae and an "Oh Henry" for lunch is the greatest display of will-power. Oh, well, I'll begin dieting tomorrow!

Allyce Sue Rabinowitz.

The Gleam

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Editorial

The day has passed when only one or two forms of amusement are offered, even in some of our tiniest towns. I cannot recall, but some of my readers probably can, when the town or the city found little to do but walk to the station and bid the departing trains "adieu."

Today, we have the movie, the vaudeville circuits, the concerts, symphonies, cafes and operas, lectures, recitals and just hosts of other entertainment—intellectual and otherwise—to divert attention and break up the monotony of the "sun to sun" routine. It is a mark of progress and with no little display of thanks, that do we watch the modern world grow and prosper. The problem is only presented when we notice just what form of entertainment is indulged in. If there must be a choice between a movie and a recital, four out of five will choose the former and if the question is to be decided between a recital and a lecture, possibly both will be turned down to tune in on the ether for "a bird's-eye view of My Old Kentucky Home." These facts are only realized when we notice the really worth-while presentations that play to almost empty houses. Do not let your appreciation of the more beautiful and classic things of life be warped by the commonplace events that should be enjoyed only by the amateur.

C. L. Dever, '27.

With the recent thaw and this delightful spring weather—of short duration, no doubt—comes the thought of the oratorical contests which are becoming an annual spring event for our present day Daniel Websters. And this brings up the question, "Are we going to have Daniel Websters at St. Teresa this year?" We certainly hope to, and moreover, we are going to, are we not, girls? We all feel sure that the loyal girls who spon-

sored our first venture into the field of oratory will have many able competitors this year. Much enthusiasm was noticed among the girls when the first notices of the coming contests were placed on the bulletin board. Let us not stop at enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm success can never be attained, but enthusiasm alone never attained success.

Remember then, you orators within our walls, here is your opportunity to do your bit for your Alma Mater, and perhaps win fame for yourself.

If you read the bulletin board, and of course you do, you will have noticed a basketball game with Notre Dame de Sion is scheduled for February 25. In other words the basketball season is upon us. We cannot all play basketball. In fact only a dozen girls can. But the success of our basketball team does not depend entirely on these twelve girls—far from it. St. Teresa girls have unselfishly supported their basketball team in former years, let us keep up the good work. A hundred per cent attendance at every one of our games, a few lusty cheers of encouragement when we are losing as well as when we are gaining, and you will find we shall win oftener than we shall lose.

M. Savage, '27.

We regret to chronicle that our editor-in-chief, Catherine Muehlschuster, was severely injured in a sleighing party late in January. The accident was a dreadful shock to us all, but we are happy to know that Catherine is recovering, and we trust that the next publication of "The Gleam" will find her back at S. T. C.

George Washington

Tradition, literature and the movies have set distance at naught and time has been turned back two centuries. Even we can remember Washington as a youth, a soldier, a general, and then as the first President of the United States.

His most striking characteristics seem to have been energy and decision united very often with strong likes and dislikes. Hamilton, his secretary, once said, that "his chief was not remarkable for good temper and once resigned his post because of an impatient rebuke."

Gilbert Stuart who painted his portraits said, "his features showed strong passions and that, had he not learned self-restraint, his temper would have been savage."

All these inherent weaknesses appear so glorious when we know that the proper training and control made these same qualities those which saved our "father" in many later crises.

As a General, Washington was clear-headed and steady, yet extremely human, as we learn in the stories of his battles where he much preferred to bear the shame of defeat rather than sacrifice his loyal army if the chances for victory were not almost secure and certain.

As President, we have Washington as the leader of the United States in the stress of the crucial period that followed immediately after the war.

In this capacity he possessed just the

qualities necessary for his office; that is courage, endurance, sound judgment, public spirit and stability each in themselves and all combined so essential and so beneficial in molding the young republic. Lord Bryce, a competent judge of statesmen, has said, "No greater benefit could have befallen the republic than to have such a type set from the first before the eye and mind of the people."

Today, Washington is loved by us for the same reason that his contemporaries loved him so highly, because "he impressed his own character upon the young nation."

C. L. D., '27.

Library Notes

If "reading maketh a full man"—or woman as the case may be—Windmoor is turning out "four-fold girls" in every direction, because the library is by far the most popular room in the house. It is the largest, sunniest, the busiest, and the quietest room to be found, and it contains every book from Grimm's Fairy Tales to Homer (in Greek or English). And our library is growing. Two new book sections are being installed in order to accommodate the increasing number of volumes which include history, science and fiction.

NEW BOOKS

History of the Popes, in 14 Vols., by Dr. C. Pastor.

United States Lectures in 11 Vols., Ed. by E. Wiley and I. E. Rines.

American Prose and Poetry, Ed. by N. Foerster.

Handbook of Literary Criticism, Ed. by Sherian.

The Old Chesterton Tales, by M. DeLand.

Literary Topics, by L. Leacock.

You and I and Life, by H. W. Wack.

FICTION

Twenty-seven new books donated by Miss Annadele Riley of 1924.

Windmoor wishes to extend her thanks to Miss Annadele Riley of 1924 for her kind donation of twenty-seven new books of fiction to the library.

Exchanges

Windmoor was very pleasantly surprised at the re-appearance of The Rock-hurst Sentinel. Its news seems almost local which of course enhances its value as reading material. We look forward eagerly to each issue wishing it much success and prosperity.

The Holy Cross Purple is always a welcome visitor at Windmoor. It comes from Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass. The content is always elevating and intellectual and such as most students of St. Teresa may humbly strive to emulate, but scarcely hope to imitate.

The "Purple and Gold" from St. Joseph Junior College in Ottumwa, Iowa, made our acquaintance only recently and what delightful reading it furnishes! We hope to be included among your friends for many successful years, "Purple and Gold."

My Daughter's Room

I opened the door and gasped. Before me was my daughter's room. After a girl has spent a year and a half at college one can expect almost anything, but this was the first time I had ever visited my daughter, and my horror knew no bounds.

The dressing-table was littered with jars, bottles, water-wave combs, lipsticks, powder-puffs. From amongst the chaos a dashing young "knight" attired in approved fashion smiled up at me serenely. I recognized the picture as one of Johnny, or perhaps it was Jimmy. Opening one of the drawers I immediately closed it again, deciding to go no further. And the bed—its surface was adorned with half a dozen grotesque dolls and at least as many lacy pillows. Looking underneath it I discovered what my daughter did with the multitude of shoes I bought for her. Every pigeon-hole in the poor little desk fairly groaned with letters and bids on crested stationery. The last issue of "The Sentinel" and the latest "best seller" shared honors with the dictionary. Here again I encountered a smiling countenance gazing at me from the confines of a leather frame. Ah, this was Johnny. The one on the dressing table must be Jimmy. Over the desk hung my own likeness—a little to the right of which hung a magazine clipping of John Gilbert. I was intensely flattered.

I sat down to await my daughter. My glance rested on the university banner hanging on the opposite wall. I smiled at it fondly—the only scholastic object in the room. *M. M. S., '27.*

The Symphony

The life of Abraham Lincoln is like a great symphony. Starting softly, perhaps even indistinctly, it increases in power and tempo until toward the end it modulates into clear, firm, powerful chords only to end in a sudden mournful minor sound—the heart-break of a nation.

The music is gentle, shy, as was the man. It is a strange intermingling of minor chords and light, joyful ripples of sound, as the life of the man was an interweaving of moments of deepest melancholy and moments of whole-hearted joy. There are passages of elfin music when one can see the imps of mischief dancing in Abraham Lincoln's eyes, for no man loved good, clean, fun better than he. Then again in the lighter allegro movements we catch the youthful enthusiasm of this boy-man for trivial things.

Now the music changes. It becomes more gentle and calm and peaceful. It is Lincoln's love for little children. When trouble crowded, Lincoln found relief in the touch of a baby's body in his powerful arms. Children were his haven of refuge; it was with a child in his arms that he thought his deepest thoughts, and the music is pure in its sweetness.

Now the music, still sweet, adopts a new tone—a steady harmony which, on listening closely, one can always hear through the swiftly changing variations. It is Lincoln's faith in God and his fellow-men—a faith that never wavered in success or in failure—the life blood of a great heart.

Louder, louder the music grows—a

crisis is at hand. Great crashing chords, the excited babel of the violins—scenes of pathos—death—but through it all runs that powerful dominating strain which is Lincoln's life. At first the thunder of the chords and the tumult of the violins nearly drown the melody of Lincoln, but as the song goes on, clearer and clearer the underlying strain rings out until, as the confusion grows fainter and dies away in the distance, it becomes a sort of triumphant song—the exaltation of a victor.

And then the music retards—slower and softer, it comes. There is peace in it and happiness. The liquid notes cling to the heart of the listener as woodbine to the dark wall. The music is matchless in its beauty—sweeter and purer for the tumult and confusion through which it has just passed. Certain deep chords still remain serving only to make the whole a clearer, more perfect harmony. The music is drawing to a happy finale. One imagines he can already hear the last chords—slowly dying away—the end of a great masterpiece. As he listens for the ending, there comes to the listener the unexpected sound, the minor chord, trembling, pulsating, from the instruments of the musicians—and the music is broken.

Silence. Death-like silence. The song is dead. Away in the distance can be heard the long mournful dirge of a heart-broken people. Then again silence.

But now out of the stillness, a sound—a single violin is playing with ever-increasing volume the motif of the story which is ended. It is the memory of Lincoln which lives and grows in the heart of every American. The song has not ended nor will it end as long as an American heart beats to hold it.

Catherine Clarke, '27.

Fructus Inter Folia

"It is easier to be critical than to be correct."—Adapted.

Among the books to be discussed in this issue of *Fructus*, our readers (if any) will be delighted to learn that "Galahad" and "The American Tragedy" are conspicuous by their absence. We shall confine ourselves to a discussion of the less sensational books this time, and so we begin, as have so many others, with Edna Ferber and her "Show Boat."

* * *

"Show Boat" is as long and as clear as the river about which it is written—the Mississippi. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a Show Boat," seems to be Miss Ferber's idea, although, even that is obscure in the mess of tributaries which make up the sluggish current of her river story. Miss Ferber should learn, besides several other things, to temper her remarks, and to refrain from injecting personal, injurious, and untrue statements into her books. She is most offensive at times, sacrificing illusions ruthlessly to the vigor of her creation. "Show Boat" is said to be a graphic picture of that age of river development just preceding us, and taken in its entirety, it is pleasant reading and somewhat enlightening, but I cannot wax enthusiastic over it.

"Show Boat" is Edna Ferber with a

dash of Hurst and a lot of unnecessary pages. Read it if you want to!

* * *

In the "Exquisite Perdita," E. Barrington gives us a charming account of the love affair between a little actress and George the Fourth—then Prince of Wales. Perdita is pathetic as the fragile, foolish woman who perceives too late that the honor of princes is as unstable in matters of heart as of state. The book introduces many historical personages, among them, notably, that gay young sycophant, Sheridan, of "The Rivals," and the fascinating Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"The Exquisite Perdita" is written in the well known Barrington style, and will afford enjoyable reading to any more or less romantically inclined fiction lovers.

* * *

Israfel, a story of Poe's mysterious and tragic life, by Hervey Allen, is a most enjoyable biography. Allen gives us a pitiable Poe; the picture of a man driven by his sensitive soul and his extreme want into the depths of despair and intemperance. To those who love this enigmatical genius; to those who see in Poe a marvelous soul captured by a twisted life, Hervey Allen's book will be a revelation and a delight. Allen's expose is delicate, and he shows a sympathetic honesty while dealing with this most elusive of our American geniuses. This biography in two volumes is more than "worth reading." It is essential and desirable.

* * *

"A Free Soul," by Adela Rogers St. Johns is the dramatic story of a girl taught by her illustrious lawyer father to defy any conviction and ignore all restraint. It is not until years later, while defending her husband for murder that the father perceives the error of his philosophy and realizes the tragedy it has brought about in the life of his only child. He pleads with the jury for his daughter and her husband.

"I Am The Guilty One. I told her that above all things she must not be a hypocrite or a coward. I stormed against untried virtue, untempted purity as the one evil above all evils. I told her that above all things she must not flee temptation."

"But did I tell her that temptation was to be overcome, not submitted to? No. Did I tell her that when she had tracked her desires down she must exterminate those that were base and vile and dishonorable and replace them with the hard-won desire to do right which is the beginning of all spiritual growth?"

"A Free Soul," has a wholesome moral lesson disguised in the dramatics of the characters involved.

Charmian Coffield, '27.

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LETTER CO.**

Guardian or Husband

Phyllis Knight—twenty-one next week—skipped merrily along Fifth Avenue, quite aware that she was exceeding the speed limit by twenty miles. But she was anxious to be back with her guardian, Alan Woodcock, the New York Court judge, after spending the weekend in the country, and paying no attention to the traffic signals she was half way across the street when a police whistle stopped her. The cop was already pulling out his book of tickets as he walked toward her.

"Whoopie! Another one," and she glanced down at the little pile she had collected on her way home.

"Oho—so it's you again. Miss Phyllis, you give me more trouble and more business than any other three people put together," the cop informed her. She smiled coyly.

"I'm sorry about the trouble, but I'm glad about the business. It gives my guardian something to do, you know, when people are arrested." "I think he's got his hands full all right," he muttered to himself as Phyllis drove on.

She managed to get home without acquiring any more tickets, and as she mounted the steps to her home she reflected.

"Six of 'em. And it's the first of the month. Here's hoping 'Cocky'—her guardian hated that name, so she always called him by it—'hasn't seen my bills yet.'" She was met by the butler and informed that Mr. Woodcock wanted her in the library.

"Good night—he's seen them!" Assuring herself in the glass that she looked perfectly lovely, she slipped into the room, and quickly rumpling her hair, jumped up on the desk in front of him.

"Hello, Cocky dear, here I am. Did you miss me?"

"The peacefulness has been very noticeable," he told her grimly, "but I'm glad you're back. We shall have to come to an understanding," he picked up a sheaf of papers. "Look, here are your bills and the total is enormous."

"But I have to dress—"

"And what have you to say to all these police notices?"

"Cocky, I've always told you that I should be exempt."

"Exempt!" You're no better than the next fellow. If you offend, you must pay."

"But I'm willing to pay," she retorted half laughingly, "so what's the fuss about?" Alan sighed, left his chair, and walked the length of the room. Phyllis, swinging her feet against the desk, watched him. All the women she knew liked him, and the marriageable ones loved him. They were all jealous of her, because she saw him every day, dined with him, played with him, and was kissed by him.

"Little need of jealousy," she reflected bitterly, "to him I'm still a child to be amused and scolded. Just one week more—then I'll be 'Miss Knight' and he can devote all his time to his silly old law. When he sees me then, he will probably pull my nose and ask if I've had my annual cold. No, he won't," she thought excitedly, "I'll make him see me grown up before my birthday—then if he doesn't love me—" Alan broke in

upon her thoughts. Standing directly before her, eyes flashing, his hands behind his back, he began sternly.

"Phyllis, your recklessness has got to stop. For twelve years I've done my best to keep your fortune intact, while you were out doing your best to go bankrupt. Next week when you become your own manager—heaven help your estate—you have to either calm down or go bankrupt. You know money doesn't last forever, and unless you begin to use your brains, see where good investments lie, why a child could rob you! I'll always be willing to help you, and the messes you usually get into require a judge or—" Phyllis slipped to her feet, and no longer a mischievous girl but an angry young lady interrupted.

"It's well for my money's sake that you see me, for the moment, as a person old enough for a serious talk. But while you've been amusing the child the girl has grown up, and though she has always been taught to play, she will somehow keep out of the poorhouse."

"Never mind the sarcasm, I'm not joking—"

"Very well, neither am I," Phyllis said in a quiet but firm voice, meeting his eyes squarely. For the moment it seemed to Alan that his ward was growing up, but then he reflected daughters of wealth never grow up in the worldly sense of the word. Still if they lost their money—and Phyllis would probably lose hers.

"Your job was to keep my money for me until I'm twenty-one. You have no responsibility after that, and if I choose to spend it all, you will not be criticized."

"But you mustn't spend it all, my dear child," he said in a soothing tone. Phyllis had become more and more excited, until her hair, loosened by the drive home, was flying about in little curls. In her short dress and temper, she did resemble a spoilt child.

"Phyllis, will or will you not follow my budget?" She opened the door and then turned and faced him.

"No, I won't follow a budget or anything else. If I'm not old enough to handle my estate myself, then I'll throw it away!" And the door banged after her.

"Good heavens, what a spiteful little dickens she is," Alan exclaimed. He sat down at the desk and musingly ran through the bills. Two thousand for an evening dress and wrap; five hundred for a jewel studded bag. She could well afford them but he was seeing to it that her investments were sound, and what did that child know about interest and—his gaze strayed to her picture on his desk. She wore an imported gown and her hair was dressed high up on her head. Had his little ward really grown up? She was nearly twenty-one—of age. The tilt of her head denoted wisdom, and her eyes—in them was certainly a look of adoration. Adoration for whom? One of these fellows who call themselves men! Certainly not! He'd stop it—she was too young for that. Yet as again his eyes met those of the picture, he began to doubt it himself.

The next day he found her in her room, serenely opening mail. They ignored their scene of yesterday and as he kissed her hair lightly he remarked: "You'll soon need a secretary. What's all the mail about?" "The usual thing—

invitations, love letters and," she glanced up mischievously, "and bills."

"Mostly bills, I guess," he murmured. She said nothing, acted as though she did not hear, and Alan tidged about the room. He came upon an evening dress carefully laid out.

"Is this the dress for the dance tonight?" She nodded.

"Yes, if I get back in time. But I'm afraid Bob won't wait for me, as I'll be out for dinner."

"Well, if necessary I'll drive you over." She was listening to his every word and watching him from the corner of her eyes while she appeared absorbed with the mail.

"Phyllis, did you hear me?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"I said I'd drive you tonight, if necessary."

"That's nice of you, but you'd have to come in, and you don't enjoy my kind of parties. There will be plenty to take me if I say the word. Thanks anyway, Alan," and the mail again became all important. For the first time he felt ill at ease, almost embarrassed. She acted so queer, so—so dignified. Oh, he knew! She was angry with him. Of course this was the child's way of being piqued. He walked over to her, and putting a hand at each side of her head, playfully shook it.

"Mustn't be cross. Uncle Alan's sorry he had to scold his little girl." Phyllis' merry laugh rang out until she nearly cried.

"Oh-h-h," she gasped. "What's the matter?" He was astonished and a little grieved at the outburst. "Oh you sounded so funny," and she went off again.

"I didn't mean to be funny." He was almost pathetic, he was so bewildered with her and his own feelings. "I thought you were angry when you called me 'Alan.' You always delight in calling me 'Cocky.' She turned from her mail to him.

"No, I'm not angry at all. You were right to fuss about the bills yesterday. I do spend a lot and I should know how to handle my estate now." Alan stared at her; she lowered her eyes and smoothed the fur on her dress.

"But why do you persist in calling me just 'Alan'?" She blushed ever so slightly.

"Well, it seems impolite to call you 'Cocky' since I'm twenty-one and you're er—and there's such a difference in our ages," and she swung back to her mail.

Alan was stunned. For a moment he only stared. So that was it. She was growing up, but he—in the meantime had grown—old! There was silence for a few minutes while Alan tried to get his bearing. Then he leaned upon the table where she was seated, and said simply:

"Phyllis, I'm sorry about yesterday. I've never thought about you growing up, and didn't realize you had until now. I apologize for what I've said."

"Nonsense, Alan," she interrupted, laying her hand over his, and smiling up at him, "It's quite all right. Besides, you mustn't apologize to your juniors."

"Good heavens, Phyllis, do you think I'd better enter a home for the aged?"

"Well, perhaps not for a few months," she said sweetly, rising so that her eyes

met his. Then suddenly he kissed her! And it was not exactly an uncle's kiss. "Alan!" And Alan, afraid he had been an old fool, fled.

That evening as he left the library, Phyllis came slowly down the marble stairway, dressed for the dance. The



light from the upper hall played about her, and Alan realized that she was lovely as well as grown up. He met her at the last step and in mock ceremony bent and kissed her hand.

"Very pretty, Alan," she laughed. "I didn't expect you to stay so late."

"There's a man coming here on business. My apartment is too noisy, and his is a pretty big case. Have you an escort?"

"Only four of them," she told him. "I'm glad you're here to referee the fight when they all arrive. How could I wear four corsages?"

"Supposing I settle it before they come by giving you one myself."

"I've already settled it, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not going to wear any. There is your client," she broke off as a man of fifty years was admitted. Alan introduced him as Mr. Taylor. They chatted there in the hall for a few minutes until four young men came tearing in.

"Hello, dear."

"Ready for the big show?"

"A beautiful gown you're wearing." They stopped abruptly as they recognized Alan.

"Oh, pardon all the noise, Mr. Woodcock," they said deferentially.

"That's all right," Alan laughed uneasily, and Phyllis hid her delighted smile behind her fan. "I can still stand some excitement."

"Don't work too late," she told him as her guardian put her wrap about her.

"Don't dance all night, either," he retorted. "Never mind, I can still stand it," she flung back laughingly as the boys ushered her out of the door.

When she awakened the next noon, she found her maid standing over her.

"Oh, Miss Phyllis, Mr. Woodcock is in a terrible rage. He's been pacing the floor all morning and keeps asking if you're awake. Just now he said to wake you and bring you down immediately."

"What's the matter with him? Did

he get the bill for my new fur coat?" On reaching the library Phyllis learned that for once she was not the cause of his anger.

"Phyllis, I'm leaving for Washington in thirty minutes and I had to see you before I left. Taylor—"

"Washington? Isn't this rather sudden?"

"Sudden and shocking," Alan told her. "Taylor came to inform me that I'm about to be removed from office. Politics is the only reason for it, I guess. Anyway, I'm going to Washington to fight—it will do any good."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. But I'm sure you will be successful."

"Well, I'm opposing the bosses' so my chances are slim. I may be gone a week—maybe a month, but it would help me a lot if I knew that you weren't throwing your money away. Of course, after next week, it will be my own business if I worry—but I will just the same."

"It will give you any comfort—on my word of honor, I won't leave these grounds until you return." And, Alan, reeling sure that her money would be safe in that case, kissed her absently and left for the station. Phyllis remained where he had left her, staring into space, and acknowledging herself a failure. Even if she had made him realize that she had grown up, she hadn't made him love—she turned her thoughts resolutely to her promise. If she couldn't leave the house—Taylor must come here. He evidently represented the "bosses" whom Alan opposed, so somehow he and she must come to an agreement.

Before nightfall Phyllis had given the control of her estate to Taylor to take effect in one week and had received a written promise to reinstate Alan.

Alone in her room, she wondered what Alan would do when he learned of her latest adventure. During the following week she received no word from Alan, and had just come to the conclusion that he was too disgusted to come near her, when she received a summons to appear in court before him. There she learned that she was suing Taylor for unlawful control of her estate.

A lawyer was there ready to defend her rights and the case proceeded without so much as a greeting from Alan. It was as if they were total strangers. Phyllis was bewildered and spoke only when spoken to. And the jury was very much puzzled too. For Taylor would

show how he lawfully came into control, while the lawyer would try to prove that no real promise was made and the one Taylor held was gotten under false pretenses. But when Phyllis was questioned, she so strongly corroborated Taylor's every word, that the jury decided against her. Then Alan turned the tables by giving an account of Phyllis' free spending ways, the attempt to oust him from office and proved that Taylor took advantage of Phyllis.

After the case was settled to suit everyone, Phyllis was taken to the judge's chamber where Alan awaited her behind a big desk and with a big scowl on his face. She had never seen him acting as judge and a little awed she slipped into a chair. She wasn't sure but what the case and herself were still being tried or whatever they had been doing. She indeed felt just the child Alan had so often accused her of being.

"Phyllis, do you realize what serious effect this last idea of yours almost led to? And after promising not to spend a few dollars, you deliberately threw away your entire fortune."

"But I didn't count it as throwing it away."

"I'm very grateful, of course. But you made a rotten investment." Then leaving his chair, he came around and leaned against the desk before her. "Now, that you are in full control, you'll probably do something just as bad tomorrow." Here he shook his head, "but after twelve years' experience I don't believe there is anyone who can take care of you."

"Yes, there is. One person," Phyllis ventured to say.

"Really? Who is that unusual human?" Alan asked amusedly.

"Someone I love—" dreamily.

That was not so amusing to Alan.

"Love? Phyllis, if it's one of those children you run around with—"

"NO—it isn't. But I'm afraid it will be in the end. You see, the one I love—er—doesn't love me?"

"Doesn't love you? Who is the fool?"

"We'll, it's someone who for twelve years has been trying to keep me from going bankrupt—"

"What! Phyllis—you don't mean—you can't mean—"

"Dear old sleepyhead! Don't you think you had better finish my proposal?"

And so Alan did—very convincingly.

Louise Walsh.



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Gossiping Sue

Lambda Gamma Chi Sorority entertained with a charming supper dance at Blue Hills Country Club, December 29. The guests numbered many students at Windmoor.

Red letter day? No indeed! Merely the bids for the Chi Mu dance at the Kansas City Club Roof Garden, December 28. And such clever bids to such a clever dance! You could just feel like dancing when you looked at the darling figures on the gay "invites."

Letters have been received from our old pal Billie. She is attending Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles. Among the studies she is taking are debating, psychology—but that's far enough.

"Some silly senior," was the comment when one of the condemned class entered the study hall with "glassless glasses" perched on her brow. However, when four others came the same way I investigated only to be told—Lambda Gamma Chi pledges.

Hasn't she changed! Who? Dorothy Buzby, another former student who attends Notre Dame Academy, Moylan, Pa. Many of the girls saw Dorothy during the holidays though for much too short a time.

Holly, mistletoe and soft lights! A Yuletide Tea, of course. Virginia Green entertained guests at the annual Yuletide Tea at the Muehlebach, December 26.

And yet another party! Mary Savage entertained with a small bridge tea, December 30, at her home. Of course, it is not necessary to say everyone had a grand and glorious time.

"Miss Adah Downey has as her guest Miss Virginia Black Hamill of Pincmont, Mount Leonard, Mo." Yes, it's our Virginia. She just couldn't stay away so long and came back after Christmas to be here for our parties.

Mrs. Thomas Boppart (Bertha DeLay) is at home at 2 East 55th St. Terrace. "Who'd 'a thought it?"

A group of Lambda Gamma Chi Sorority girls sang Christmas carols at the Little Sisters of the Poor, December 26. It was so much fun we all resolved to do it sometime soon again.

Miss Louise Walsh was hostess to a gay little bridge, December 30, at her home.

Miss G. Engleman, our capable expression teacher, has returned from a visit in Boston and New York.

Miss Mary Purcell gave a small bridge tea at her home, January 4.

"What's it all about?"

Oh—our peppy seniors are entertaining again, this time with a delightful subscription dance at Frances Harrington's home, February 11.

Miss Kathleen Soden has returned from a visit in the East.

What charming little hostesses the Freshmen are! Everyone just hated to leave their party here at school, February 2. You couldn't blame them, it was such a successful party.

Twelve envelopes, exactly the same size, color and thickness, and addressed to the twelve members of the Senior College call, contained "bids" to the Fontbonne "prom" in St. Louis which was held February 1st.

When our "Innocents Abroad" returned from their month-end leave of absence

there were many "oh's" and "ah's" and "Isn't that just our luck?" when it was made known that Father Lord, our Retreat Master of last year, had paid a visit to the College during the vacation. We are looking forward to another visit from Father in a few weeks, and, needless to add, we shall all be home.

Windmoor welcomes the arrival of Aurea Thompson, Millicent Gillpatrick, Anna Catherine Lowe and Georgelle Reading since Christmas and we hope they grow to love S. T. C. as we do.

The Sophomores aren't slackers. No, sir! Didn't they see that everybody "had a heart" on February 14, and didn't everyone enjoy the movie, "Charley's Aunt," which they gave for the benefit of the Missions?

The Senior College Class was delightfully entertained February 10, by the Freshmen at a daintily appointed luncheon held in the Aztec room of the Hotel President and a matinee party at the Missouri theatre.

Rev. Father Wheeler, S. J., who has been visiting in the United States for several months, delighted the faculty and students of St. Teresa with a most interesting account of his extensive work in the mission fields of Jamaica.

Mrs. Rice and Mr. Wildish have been added to the faculty of St. Teresa since Christmas, the former as a professor of Botany and the latter of Chemistry.

Mother Rosalie and Sister Antonia from St. Catherine's College in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Mother Palma and Sister Joseph Marie were recent guests at the College.

"A Crosse Afternoon"

William Mentor Crosse, pianist and composer, gave a very successful concert at St. Teresa College, January 27th. His technical ability convinced his audience that he is a master musician, and intellectual insight combined with a poetic imagination gave a wealth of tonal beauty to his performance.

Prelude Handel
Sonata quasi una Fantasia op. 27 No. 2 Beethoven

Adagio sostenuto

Allegro tto

Presto Agitato

March Funebre op. 35 No. 2 Chopin
Praeludium op. 9 Schumann
Impromptu op. 142 No. 2 Schubert
Rondo Capriccioso op. 14 Mendelssohn
Scene du Carnaval Grieg
Au Crepuscule op. 5 No. 2 Milwitz
Lyric Piece op. 32 No. 1 Crosse
Bacchante op. 47 No. 2 Rubenstein
Etude artistique op. 109 Godard
Nocturne Liszt
Polonaise Liszt

Catherine Clarke, '27.

A Visit to Mount Washburn

While touring in Yellowstone Park one year we decided to take a trip to Mount Washburn whose altitude is ten thousand feet. It is the highest mountain in Yellowstone Park.

We started from the Grand Canyon Hotel early in the morning. The road was very narrow, just room enough for one car, as it is only for those going up. There is another road by which to return. I certainly felt frightened because I could see a deep canyon next to the right side of the car. All down this canyon were pretty little flowers of blue and red. It looked so strange to see flowers growing so near the snow.

When we arrived at the top of the mountain a terrible snow storm was in progress. We had not worn very heavy clothing because it was so warm farther down, so we nearly froze. The car I was in had the top down, so you may be sure I was glad to get to the shelter house where there was a big fireplace. On a table in the shelter house there was a book in which we all registered. Here were names of people from all over the world.

After we had "thawed out" we went out to look at the scenery. The flowers looked so pretty from afar. It was so cold with the snow blowing in my face that I could not see much but what I did manage to see was beautiful.

Marion Rice.

Cupid shot his arrow

It struck two feminine hearts

And they both "fell for" the hero,

But what use had he for hearts?

His only love was the pigskin,

Oh, to roll in heavenly mud,

And to fall with the mighty "thuds"

But in the maiden's hearts.

It was decreed that if to gain his love

They must love also the pigskin

They would do so.

But many a youth attracted was,

And admirers they did not lack.

Our hero broke his beautiful nose

And now in his wake are missing

These fair maidens,

"Oh, these women." Rosemary Till, '28.

Un Concert

Cette automne quand j'étais à New York, je suis allée à l'opéra pour voir un concert donné en honneur de la reine de Roumanie. L'argent rapporté par ce concert, a été donné aux mères qui avaient perdu un fils dans la guerre.

La reine, avec ses enfants, le prince et la princesse, était assise dans une loge qui était décorée avec les couleurs de l'Amérique et de la Roumanie. La reine était habillée tout en blanc, et sur ses cheveux elle avait une tiare de diamants. Je la trouvais très jolie et charmante.

Il y avait plusieurs danses sur le programme. Des jeunes filles habillées en robes noires qui flottaient en arrière, ont couru à travers l'estrade. Un moment elles étaient de taille gigantesque, et l'autre instant elles apparaissaient en miniature. C'était très extraordinaire on pouvait aisément penser que c'était une chose surnaturelle. Dans une autre danse une jeune fille semblait être au milieu d'un feu—Des lumières rouges, cachées dans le plancher, donnaient du feu.

Millicent Gillpatrick.

FOX'S PHARMACY

Northeast Corner 51st and Main Sts.

HILAND 5100

About Town

Far out on the Paseo is a house with a large wrought iron ship over the doorway. Surely here the imagination inspired the decorator, for no other object has more possibilities of romance and adventure than a ship. The very contour of it sets us to wondering and soon lures on into dreams. Few of us can resist the charm of a bit of mental nomadism now and then, nor do we deny it some value. But a shrill trolley bell jangles finis to our journey and we are ruthlessly dashed ashore on the Marlborough car tracks.

What trickery dusk can play upon us and what beautiful scenes are painted in its subtle shades! And so it is at twilight that the foreign atmosphere about the Country Club Plaza seems more apparent silhouetted against the hazy sky the attractive plaza group seems a bit of the Old World transported to our midst. At any moment dulcet intonations of Spanish might reach one's ear and a lady in a Mantilla whisk out of a shadowed doorway.

Every morning a little before two o'clock several scrub-women are gathered outside a certain South Broadway business building. While waiting for the two o'clock car they laugh and chat together and this gaiety echoes in the silence. One of the three is deaf and at the end of each conversational tid-bit is heard, "Tell Rosie—" Then all is re-told in shouts. What fine and brave souls there are among the lowly spirits that cringe before no hardship in the bitter struggle for existence. It is an easy thing to laugh and jest at two o'clock in the morning—but not after a vigil of office scrubbing.

A growing city is an interesting thing and many of us have eagerly watched the march of progress in our own Kansas City. South Broadway has afforded us many especial thrills as we have seen apartments, hotels and business buildings jett up along the sky-line. The old time residences with vast lawns are fast disappearing and will soon be of the dim past.

Weary of the trodden path I wandered out to the Mexican settlement in Cement City bordering Independence and surely it is as far removed from urban civilization as if it were in the wastes of old Mexico itself. Situated on the very brink of the Missouri river are rudely constructed box-like shacks of the Mexican laborers. These are built literally on top of one another on each side of the narrow alley like roadway. Except for the dim flickering lamp light from windows there is not a light about the entire settlement. Even the community pump, which serves as a sort of town hall and social center, is shrouded in darkness.

A dilapidated Ford roadster that was parked near the pump proved a sensation for the children. They clamored eagerly about it, first viewing it as a whole with wondering eyes, then carefully examining the details of wheels, fenders and lights. Finally one ingenious little chap conceived the idea of sitting in it—and then the fun began. Each one



About Town

wanted to do likewise, and all at the same time, so amid much pushing, pulling and heated discussions they filed in and out. After such a scene one doubted for a moment that familiar Ford sign flaunting, "Ten Million in Use."

Even the general and oppressive sordiness could not entirely spoil a bit of vagrant beauty, or neutralize into the pervading drabness the innate love of color of this race. Here and there against the dull background a vivid color stood out in brilliant relief. Sometimes it was a fancy shawl, a gay quilt, a brilliantly colored holy picture, a few gaunt and straggly holly-hocks, or just a man's pink shirt, or a woman's gaudy apron.

It is indulgence in a few pet luxuries that makes life worthwhile for most of us, an indulgence limited both by our means and our capacity for enjoyment. Here among real poverty and privation this still holds true. In almost every shack there is a phonograph of some description, from the cheap stand type to the large cabinet class. The music one hears, however, is a bit contradictory, not the discordant, crashing jazz but instrumental music of the classic school, not *Black Bottom* or *Clap Hands*, but *Jewels of the Madonna* and *Lucia Sextette*.

Seen while strolling about in Little Mexico: Family groups singing on door-

steps. Little children kneeling beside cots saying their evening prayers. A woman scrubbing the floor to the tune of La Paloma. Boys and girls chatting together at the community pump. Mothers bathing babies in small tubs. A man reading by the dim light of a flickering candle in a bottle. Two sweethearts seated near the edge of the river bank gazing at the watery expanse radiant in the moonlight. A pretty young girl busily making lace.

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To Lovers of Earth, Fair Warning

Give over to high things the fervent thought
You waste on Earth; let down the bar
Against a wayward peace too dearly bought
Upon this pale and passion-frozen star.
Sweethearts and friends, are they not loyal? Far
More fickle, fake, perverse, far more unkind
Is Earth to those who give her heart and mind.

And you whose hasty youth her snares intrigue,
Who glory in her seas, swear by her clouds,
With Age, man's foe, Earth is ever in league;
Time resembles her even while he crowds
Your bloom to dust, and lengthen out your shrouds
A day's length or a year's. She will be young
When your last cracked and quivering note is sung.

Her beauty will remain, sufficient still
Though you are gone, and with you that rare loss
That vanishes with your bewildered will.
And there shall flame no red, indignant cross
For you, no sharp white scar of wrath emboss
The sky, no blood drip from a wounded moon,
And not a single star chime out of tune.

Editorials

Young America and the educational problem have been much in the public eye of late. At the close of the football season both educators and editors focused their attention upon the relative predominance of sport and study in our universities today. In our own section Stratford Brooks, President of Missouri University and the famous William Allen White of the *Emporia Gazette*, expressed their opinions pro and con thru the press. Another angle on this subject was presented by Professor Joseph Senturia, instructor in economics at Washington University, when he stated that the object animating the existence of modern youth and governing his actions is killing time.

Prefacing his assertion with the statement that the greatest manifestation of a desire for knowledge on the part of youth should appear in the life of the colleges and universities of the country, Prof. Senturia said that it has been estimated that only one out of a thousand is privileged to secure higher learning. Representing, therefore, about one-tenth of the people, they are supposed to be the upper stratum, the higher type mentally and physically.

The average college student sees no connection between an education and the

quest for knowledge. To him education means a degree; in order to secure this he must have a stipulated amount of credit in a stipulated number of courses. His education thus comes to mean to him, not a body of knowledge which he has acquired in the course of his work at College, but a succession of credits in particular courses about most of which he remembers practically nothing after commencement.

There are some, however, to whom the degree has a different meaning—a vision of financial success. Actuated by this incentive a goodly number of students learn rather well the work assigned them. But tho' the knowledge is there, it is there primarily because of the financial remuneration which it makes possible and not because of any inherent quest for it.

Professor Senturia said, "The problems of the world's politics, so vital in the modern chaos, fail to receive any attention whatsoever from ninety-five per cent of the students; the problems of particular fields of knowledge, which should be the battling ground for so much worthwhile give and take between the students, are entirely forsaken for the dance floor, the athletic field, the movie theatre, and the card table."

It would be folly to assert that the deplorable condition above described does not generally maintain. The challenge in the flaying, however, is not to students alone, but to former students also. If, after our college work is completed, we lay aside like yesterday's gown that education with the implied perspective and appreciation for "knowledgable" things, we abuse the privilege of the higher learning afforded us just as seriously as the student who neglects the day's assignment. *Genevieve Dillon.*

The Women's National Exposition

Saint Louis, February 4, 1927.

The Woman's National Exposition now in progress at the Coliseum eloquently tells the story of the broad scope of feminine endeavor.

The exposition, which fills the entire main floor, is made up of exhibits either of woman's achievements in the fields of home, business, and philanthropy, or of products which have special appeal to her as buyer of home commodities.

One of the most interesting exhibits is that sent by the U. S. Government, showing Indian women at work weaving rugs, modeling pottery, and making baskets.

The cotton exhibit where the queen of cotton presides and darkey minstrels enliven the afternoon and evening hours, is presided over by a woman president of a realty company, Miss Blanche Hitzman.

With a program full of interest to mothers, the space taken by the Saint Louis Council of Parent-Teacher organizations is a magnet for large crowds interested in health talks and weighing of babies.

Under the auspices of the board of education girls demonstrate their art at cooking as learned at school. Students from local business colleges show how jazz may be used to increase the ease and speed with which they learn to type-write.

Fashion pageants and exhibits of woman's apparel, designed and made by women, rival the stage attractions which change daily.

Outstanding among the booths is that of the Council of Catholic Women together with the Missouri Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. The braille machine exhibited reminds one of the great good the Saint Louis Chapter has accomplished by its specialization in sight conservation. They conduct the only parochial school sight conservation class in the United States at Saint Francis Xavier School. The Chapter work is independent financially, tho affiliated with the State Association for sight conservation. The State Association, however, furnishes glasses as well as any necessary medical attention. The booth was decorated with pictures and pennants of the local schools, academies and Colleges and freely dispensed literature regarding them. Above the picture of the imposing Fontbonne was an oil painting of the quaint log cabin occupied here in 1836 by the Sisters of Saint Joseph—a glorious example of the progress of Catholic education for women.

A Want Ad

Wanted: A staff including every Alumnae member for the Alumnae page.

The Alumnae page in the *Gleam* is the only official publication for Alumnae news. It is also the only means by which all the alumnae members can keep in touch with one another. It is our desire to make this page reflect and recount the vital activities and interests of the girls, but without cooperation it cannot be done. Beyond a certain amount of common knowledge, or gossip, we cannot have the thing of interest unless directly informed! Does it pay to advertise?

Address all communications to the Alumnae Editor, Genevieve Dillon, 4510 Mill Creek Parkway, or phone Westport 2919.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Lucille Smith to Mr. Elmer Sharp. The marriage took place October 10, 1926.

Miss Kathleen Soden, her mother, Mrs. Soden, and her grandmother, Mrs. Walsh, have returned from a visit in Canada and the East where they enjoyed the winter sports.

Miss Katherine Rose Dierks and Mr. Herman Hodes were married January 25th at Saint James Church. Miss Helen Purcell was maid of honor, Helen Dierks flower girl, and little Richard and Raymond Dierks were ring bearers. Mr. and Mrs. Hodes will be at home after April 1 at 6940 Edgevale Road.

FLICKERINGS

Miss Elizabeth Burnett and Mr. Alfred Strautass were married January 20 at Visitation Church. Miss Burnett was attended by her sister, Miss Harriet Burnett, as maid of honor, Miss Ester Eisner and Miss Margaret Conway. Mr. and Mrs. Strautass are enjoying an extended tour of California and New Mexico.

Miss Frances Helm has returned from a short visit in Wichita, Kansas.

The second book luncheon of the Alumnae was given February 19 at the Kansas City Club. Miss Genevieve Dillon reviewed the *Romantic Comedians*, by Ellen Glasgow, and Miss Hildred Honan gave a resume of the six best sellers.

Miss Catherine Muehlschuster is convalescing from the severe shock and fractured ear drum she received when thrown off a bob-sled the latter part of January.

A meeting of the entertainment committee of the Alumnae was held at the home of Miss Helen Purcell, February 2. The dance to be given Friday, February 25, by our girls and the Rockhurst boys was the subject under discussion.

Miss Genevieve Dillon has returned from a two weeks visit in St. Louis.

Miss Bernice Pearson has returned from a visit in Pawhuska and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Mary Cecilia Gunther and Mr. Waldo Tyler. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler will be at home in Kansas City after their honeymoon in Havana, Cuba.

New Year's Eve Mrs. Edward Hauber (Christiana Zinn, 1910) spent the day at Cameron, Missouri with her school day friend, Mrs. D. H. August (Lucy Reed, 1910) of Superior, Wisconsin, who was spending the holidays with her parents.

The following Monday Mrs. August with her two children, Jackie and Lucy Evans visited Mrs. Hauber. Several of Mrs. August's friends called in the afternoon. Mrs. William Scurry (Margaret Scanlon), a classmate, Mrs. George Noonan (Kitty Quinn), Mrs. E. Saunders (Anna Quinn) recalled happy days at St. Teresa's.

Mrs. Hauber still possesses a number of the old school songs and Mrs. August sang several numbers which brought back fond memories. But this still was not "Then End of a Perfect Day." Of course Mrs. August would not return to Superior without visiting St. Teresa's, and best of all, she saw her English teacher, Sister Evelyn, who at the time of Mrs. August's graduation was supervising the building of the new St. Teresa's College.

Mrs. August in her school days was one of St. Teresa's most illustrious singers and she can still know that her Alma Mater is proud of her, for she is a prominent singer in Superior today.

Alumnae Meeting

A meeting of the officers of the Alumnae was held January 12 at the home of Miss Frances Helm, Alumnae President.

Miss Helen Stewart, chairman of the Literary Department, reported the success of our first Book Luncheon, November 12, at the Kansas City Club. Forty-two were present and the receipts totalled forty-three dollars and eighty cents.

Miss Anna Stewart, chairman of the Social Service Department, reported regarding the two health centres held at Visitation and Saint James Schools for the physical examination of children of pre-school age. The Alumnae received recognition for their work from the City Children's Bureau.

The entertainment Committee reported the Alumnae Carol singing Christmas day at the Old Folk's Home and at Saint Terest's Sunday, December 26.

Miss Genevieve Dillon, in charge of Press and Publicity, reported regarding the press notices in the *Star*, *Times* and *Catholic Register* on the book luncheon and the health centers. Two clippings of each notice are kept on file, one for the Alumnae records, the other for the State Historical Society of the I. F. C. A. A report of Alumnae activities was sent to the I. F. C. A. Bulletin for March publication.

The program of activities as outlined at present is:

Book Luncheon	Feb. 19.
Dance	Feb. 25.
Social Day at St. Teresa's	March 19.
Educational Luncheon	April 2.

Notice

Any Alumnae news will be welcomed by the editor, Genevieve Dillon, 4510 Mill Creek Parkway, Westport 2919.

* * *

Please call Miss Elizabeth Burnett, Hiland 0328, to distribute any clothing you may have to be given to needy families.

Our Membership List

Our Alumnae membership list is much in need of revision. Marriage and change of address has rendered our present list totally inadequate. We ask your co-operation to the extent that change of name or address be promptly reported to the Alumnae secretary.

KATHLEEN McDONALD,
3515 Virginia Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Those girls who are interested in social service of any variety please apply to Miss Anna Stewart, 3532 Pennsylvania Avenue, Westport 6209.

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An Invitation to the Students and Alumnae of St. Teresa



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Around the Circle

At the second of the series of concerts, January eleventh, the Kansas City Little Symphony orchestra presented Madame Wanda Landowska, a pianist and harpsichordist of wide repute. Of these concerts which are attended each year by many of the students, this one was especially interesting.

With our semesters examination came an examination in the music department—whose? Why, Mr. Crosse's, to be sure! This was the professor's second advisory visit to St. Teresa this year.

The St. Teresa Orchestra, under the direction of Muriel Curry, will give a concert at the Good Shepherd Home, February 13th. Members of the piano and violin departments will assist in the program. The orchestra will play at the Redemptorist High School Senior play which will be given in March and the play at San Guadalupe to be presented in May.

The "musical boarders" gave a delightful parlor recital for the Sisters and girls, December 15th.

Several new pupils have enrolled in the vocal department. The "old" pupils continue to make rapid progress and expect to be heard in recital soon.

The batteries in all our flashlights are very weak after the semester exams—those things which are the bane of every college girl's existence.

Catching On to Columbus

By MURIEL CURRY

History! If anything bored Patsy it was history. Why should she stuff her very modern brain with tales about things that had happened ages ago? It was so hot and Patsy was so sleepy that she didn't try to answer that all-important question. She opened her book—such horrid bluish-gray covers—and found the place, "The Voyage of Columbus." Patsy almost hated Columbus himself at that moment for being mixed up in history. She couldn't study and she didn't want to, anyway. She thought she'd rest awhile. She lay her head down on her book and tried to think of something exciting.

She looked up—where was she? She looked up and down the long, luxuriously furnished hall, trying to see if she knew any one of the many persons there. To her dismay, they were all strangers. She saw a vacant bench against a farther wall and hurried over to it. There, for the first time, she noticed her dress. Of all things! That mixture of black lace and green velvet that she had gazed at so long in Woolf's window! Oh, how she had wanted it! And now she had it! Everybody else was dressed up too, although not in the height of fashion. Some were in the quaint simple garb of the Puritans. Some were in gorgeous, rich gowns and suits that looked as if they had come from the courts of kings. As Patsy was staring in amazement, a young man came up to her. He was dressed in one of the suits that courtiers used to wear. It looked, however, as

though it had been tailored by Guppenheimer. He had yellow hair which lay in the most adorable curls all over his head.

"I'm Christopher M. Columbus, and you are—?"

He paused expectantly and Patsy supplied, "Patsy King."

Christopher Columbus! Of all persons! Although Patsy knew it was rude, she stared at him all the while.

"I saw you alone here, and wondered why so charming a young lady would be alone for one moment." His voice! So low and romantic, with a most captivating accent. Patsy liked him immediately.

"Are you—the one—of the 'voyages'?"

Patsy felt queer asking so foolish a question, because there was no doubt about the contrary.

"The same—at your service. You see Ferd Magellan and I were chums at the University of Salamanca. He said that if I would sail to the U. S. A., he would go around the world. I had a week's vacation in the beginning of October, so I fitted out my steamer, the S. S. Olympic, with all the latest gas and electric conveniences, for, you see, it would have been decidedly uncomfortable for me otherwise. My valet, an old darky named Uncle Tom, was my constant companion. We had quite a trip."

Mr. Columbus ended his tale with a broad grin, and looked to see what Patsy would say about that.

"—and Mr. Magellan?" she inquired shyly.

"Oh, well, you see, he took the hydroplane which his grandfather had perfected, and went sailing around old Cape Good Hope at breakneck speed. We met at the West Indies, a perfect tie. No one won that race," he concluded laughingly.

As they walked across the thickly-carpeted floor, Mr. Columbus pointed out the various persons in whom he thought she might be interested.

After a while there approached a tall, stately woman wearing a most impressive costume, a dress embroidered in pearls and sapphires, with a great long train trailing from her shoulders, made of sapphire velvet. On her head was a dazzling crown of diamonds. When this personage beheld C. Columbus she came forward eagerly.

"Who is the young lady, Christopher?"

To Patsy's surprise she was being introduced to Isabella, Queen of Spain.

Mr. Columbus proceeded to tell Patsy how wonderful the Queen had been to him.

"She's the best pal, Patsy, that anyone could have! When I was at Salamanca I sometimes ran short of funds and because I hated to write home to Dad, she would always send some. She and mother went to the same girl's school. When I decided to sail for U. S. A., no one encouraged me so much as she. I almost had her persuaded to join me, but Spain couldn't get along without her."

Queen Isabella raised one of her heavily-jeweled hands and placed it on Patsy's shoulder.

"Mustn't believe all he said, Patsy. I was too fond of my life to risk sailing the Atlantic with such a careless young gentleman."

Patsy looked up at her and—

"Patsy, if Columbus had been a sleepy-head like you he never would have come over here."

Miss Jones, the history teacher, had placed her hand on Patsy's shoulder to banish all her dreams. Miss Jones instead of Queen Isabella! Patsy giggled as she compared the wonderful queen to the prim possessor of the most accurate history-brain that she ever wanted to encounter.

"If Columbus had been such a sleepy-head," repeated Patsy, "well—but I wonder!"

She grabbed her History and made a dive for the door.

A Dream That Can Never Come True

In the depths of my heart it nestles,
Known to only a few;

Hidden away from accusing eyes—

A dream that will never come true.

At times in my sleep comes fulfillment,
Putting my longing to rest.

Night has more mercy than daylight,

To my dream that I love the best.

Nurtured with hushed longing,

Life from my soul it drew,

Down in my uttermost heart of hearts—

The dream that can never come true.

Aurea Thompson, '28.

My First Day in High School

I walked briskly into the high school class room feeling quite grown. I heard someone say:

"I've got eleven." Another—

"You have to have four more to graduate."

I curiously inquired what they were speaking of and one answered with a superior air:

"Credits, of course."

I turned away bewildered but after inquiring I finally comprehended the meaning of credits.

I then proceeded to get my books—well, I never saw such peculiar names for mere school studies. Latin wasn't so bad because I had heard of "pig Latin" and deemed it was some sort of language. But of all the Chinese puzzles it was Algebra with its "x for 5," etc., it had me baffled.

After class hours my spirits had dwindled and I did not feel so "grown up" but, on the contrary, I felt very small and fatigued and all that night I dreamed of x, y and z having a fight with the first inhabitants of Egypt.

Bridget Kane, '28.





AND



Who's What

Marie McNamara, our popular Titian beauty, has suddenly become athletically inclined. She goes out frequently for rifle practice since acquiring a brand new "gun" while in St. Louis, and has often been seen hiking south.

Bernadine Kennedy wishes to take this opportunity to inform all those who don't know, that Mark Twain was once a resident of Hannibal. She will also give, at any time, information concerning the boy banker.

If Irene Kingsbury is in love—how we do envy the lucky one! At least we are never bored with his virtues and vices! For those who know actions speak louder than words.

Mary Kane needs only a pair of "Shur-ons" and "Cat's-paw" heels to make her the perfect pedagogue.

* * *

A certain boarder—I hope I can keep my good looks.

* * *

Another boarder—Well, the first thing I would suggest, dear, is to get some.

Mary Margaret Connole may not believe in evolution—still she admires "Monk"-s.

Gladys Grouse may become a soap-box speaker yet.

Marie McNamara may not work in a glass factory but she always has a "pain."

Charmian Coffield will be glad to know that green will be a favorite color this spring.

Kathleen Soden will attend Windmoor second semester.

We always thought Catherine Clarke very refined—but have you heard her render, "The Song of the 'Vulgar' Boatman"?

Mary Catherine McCusker has been heard humming "Lonesome—That's All—Can you guess why?"

Do you suppose Bernice Smith is going to Boston too? Her classes seem a minor consideration since we lost Alyce.

Catherine Dever has about decided to return to Windmoor next year in order to carry on her extensive work as school shopper.

"Mamma, who's that girl running around there that everyone is yelling at?"

"Hush, child, that's the cheer leader."

* * *

"This is my picture," said Margaret Ann. "You would never recognize me, I am sure."

"Ah!" replied Lucille. "It is a picture of yourself taken, doubtless, when you were having your picture taken."

What "Static," the little mouse, heard and saw in—

The French class. He always sees Fran Hogan strolling in at 8:15. This little mouse is beginning to wonder what is keeping Frances. He also thinks that Jeanette Chan is always reciting. She isn't though. His mistake—she's just accompanying.

The English class. The little mouse can't imagine where Helen O'Meara is. Lucille Hargus makes the little mouse nervous—oh, these long-haired women! He hears that the comma splice is being *cried down*.

The Logic class. The little mouse doesn't know what this is all about—but Florence Dooley does. She believes in scientific logic. He hears someone say, "Well, now, Mother, I don't see why." Oh, it's Charmian—"Static" feels right at home in Logic because Muriel Goodloe reminds him of a loud speaker. The little mouse misses Anna Lee's "Oh, I see now."

The Chemistry class. "Static" says that Irene Kingsbury knows it's true because the book says so.

The History class. "Static" would like to know how it would seem if "Cardy" Dever kept still or "Pancho" Clarke didn't scribble.

The little mouse would be surprised if the History class ever deviates from historical events.

With all this to think about, is it any wonder that little "Static" is gray?

All that comes to those who wait is a request to move on.

* * *

"Catherine, what's the matter?"

Catherine Dever: "Mother wants me to use such big words that I fear they will spoil the shape of my mouth."

* * *

If people don't have instinct, how can a man always recognize his own flivver?

* * *

"This plot isn't original."

"Shakespeare borrowed his plots."

"He had a little something to go with them."

* * *

"Why do you think I'd better take up fencing instead of boxing? If I were attacked I shouldn't have my foils with me."

"That's no argument. You probably wouldn't have your boxing gloves with you either."

* * *

"How do you tune these jazz instruments?"

"You don't."

* * *

There doesn't seem to be much trouble meeting expenses—one meets them everywhere.

The Young Idea—Gems from examination papers:

"The Saxons were a lazy and glutinous race."

"The Magna Charta occurred in the reign of King John. The barons compelled him to sing it."

After telling of the clash between Henry VIII and the Pope, one student concluded: "England was freed from the ecclesiastical jokes of the Popes."

"Wolsey was a great, daring, and bold warrior. Some of his chief victories were the capture of and the battle of Waterloo."

* * *

Modern educational process has greatly simplified the three R's—from reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic to rah, rah, rah.

* * *

IN OTHER WORDS

Student given the line from "Lochinvar," "He stayed not for brake," paraphrased it: "He never stopped for a mechanical contrivance to reduce speed by means of friction."

* * *

"You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

"Not at all, not at all."

* * *

Teacher: "Can you explain why it is that every time I come into this study I find you reading magazines?"

Student: "It must be those rubber heels of yours."

* * *

"Children," said the teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty he had to contend with?"

"Yes, he couldn't tell a lie."

* * *

We wonder does "Pancho" wear a frat pin? A recent letter headed, "Leave it to Lyle" tells us that our demure lil' "Pancho" has taken out fire insurance. Who can it be???

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Of graceful parapets, swathed like swans
In winter's coverlet of virgin white.

Windmoor of the laughing youth!
Bubbling spirits, gay, forsooth
As only youth can be.

Windmoor of the minds enriched!
Minds of frivolous girls, bewitched,
Perhaps by the seriousness of your mien.

Windmoor! take this fertile field
Mind, youth, and o'er it wield
Your wand of grace and enlightenment.

Windmoor! may we do justice to your
name
Lay at your portals glory, fame,
To repay you hundredfold!

A. K. Lowe.

A Letter to Heaven

The lazy quietness of a sultry summer afternoon had settled over the little town of Centerville with the blowing of the noon whistle at the mills. The hot June sun beat down unmercifully on the tiny blue aproned figure which was slowly making its way toward the postoffice.

At last the postoffice was reached, and the banging of the screen door aroused old Silas Brown from his after luncheon slumbers.

"Well! Well!" he boomed, as he gently laid his big hand on the tousled chestnut curls, "What can I do for Dotty, today?"

"Send this," answered Dotty, aged five, producing a much finger-marked white envelope.

The old farmer took the letter, looked at it, scratched his head, stroked his whiskers, looked at the little girl, then back to the letter again.

"Why, honey, what d'you want me to do this this?"

"Send it away, like you do all the others."

"Well! Well!" ejaculated the old man staring at the scribbled "To God in Heaven."

The eager little face upturned to his settled the question in the man's mind.

"Very well, my child. I'll see to your letter. You'd best run along home now."

"Gotta hurry. Granny's sick," called the little one as she skipped from the building.

The old postmaster shook his head as he slowly opened the letter, for everyone knew the story of young Dick Blackstone who was killed in the mills, and of his delicate young wife who soon followed him leaving little Dotty at the age of five with only an aged grandmother to care for her.

Tears slowly filled the man's eyes as he ready the following:

dere god granny is very sic an i think shes goin to die like mama did o plesse god sen my mama back or don take granny away plesse plesse god i love you from Dotty

Mr. Brown got up, put on his hat and left the store. On arriving at his neat white farm house he sought out kindly Mrs. Brown, and showed the letter to her.

"Get out the Ford, Silas, while I get my hat."

Mr. and Mrs. Brown arrived in time to see the village doctor draw the sheet over the cold form of old granny. Mrs. Brown folded little Dotty to her heart, never to leave it again.

The bright June sun shone on the spacious campus and gleaming white buildings of St. Elizabeth's as the graduates in their white caps and gowns filed from chapel to hall. Happy, smiling faces; gay laughter—all in accordance with the joyful event and the beautiful day.

After the address the graduates went

to their respective rooms to prepare to leave their Alma Mater for the shelter of their homes. Dorothy Blackstone, a vision of loveliness in her white robe, stood by her window looking out over the beautiful campus. How happy she had been these past years at dear old St. Elizabeth's. How loathe she was to leave it. How kind and good and sweet Uncle Silas and Aunt Kate had been and oh! how she loved them.

Dorothy left the window and crossed the room to her dressing table. From the upper drawer she lifted a small black box, turned the key, and took from it an envelope yellowed by time. For a long time she sat staring at the scribbled page while her mind wandered back over the past fourteen years. Clearly she saw herself, the little girl who slowly entered the postoffice at Centerville to post her pathetic little letter. How long ago that seemed! She had been so happy with good Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

The girl raised her eyes, letting them rest upon her crucifix while she murmured a prayer of thanksgiving.

M. M. S., '27.

Youth

Youth—like Indian summer—free yet mild,

An interlude of soft yet brilliant tone
Between our carefree springtime, as a child,

And 'ere mature summer has us to her side, beguiled.

Youth—a wandering breeze, caressing and yet gay,

Bringing, perhaps, into the skies so blue
A few small clouds, like harmless lambs
at play

Which, from the flock of older trials
and cares, have strayed away.

Living, loving, laughing Youth—I wonder why

You stay with us for just so brief a time
Then suddenly and so completely die

Without a single struggle, just a sigh.

Youth—so like the sunshine or a smile,

Youth—a glimpse of heaven for a while.

Lorene Soden.

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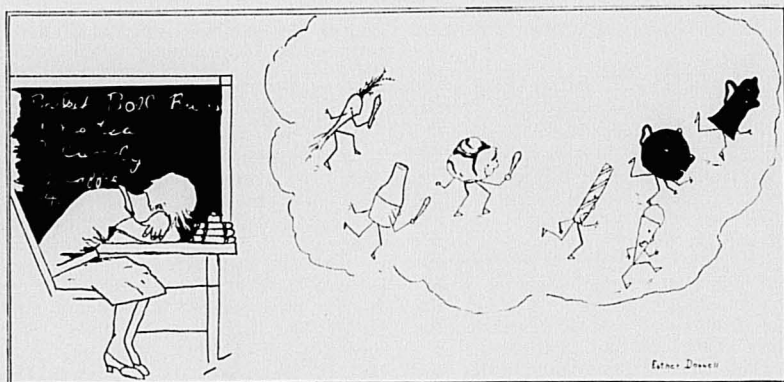
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Athletics

The organization of an Athletic Association by Miss King is attracting campus wide attention at Windmoor. Only those who have won State Letters, members of the teams and the Athletic Business Manager are eligible for membership. The Association has offered a season basketball ticket to the student who submits the peppiest and the most appropriate school song. The prize is worth the effort for several games have been scheduled thus far. The requirements are few—the words must be peppy and the music appropriate. Just exert yourself and make use of some of the energy you waste merely shouting throughout a hair-splitting basket ball battle if not a hair-raising one.

Basketball

Basketball in a girls' school creates much the same sensation that football does in a boys' school. Excitement is rampant on the day preceding a game. Our Juniors and Seniors gave us a sample of their ability to play on January the ninth. The former class gained the victory and signed up immediately to fight the warring sophs. Any student at Windmoor knows what it means to play with these young athletes. On January the fourteenth, the gym was crowded, cheers were loud, the air was rife with suspense as the whistle blew. The game was on. At the end of the second quarter, the Juniors had their lower classmen well under way. The Sophomore Captain looked worried as the dark cloud of failure lowered. Her expression changed in a moment and a new guard was substituted. Once more the whistle blew—and the third quarter opened and closed as did the last quarter with bitter disappointment to the Junior boosters, for

their opponents had defeated them and the glorious pennant was given to the Class of '29.

The College Team with "Pancho" Clarke as the captain, met the Windmoor Criterions on January 21. I may have witnessed more exciting games, but I do not know when. All of the players were unusually fast and the scores excellent but none the less, our high school must have done some "silent practice" for the College had to recognize the Criterions as its superior on the basketball field.

Our first extra-mural game is scheduled for February 25 with Sion and we plan a return game two weeks later.

The line-up follows:

Mary Virginia DoWney
Marion Rice
Alma Nash
Madeline Dempsey
Mary Acker Man
Alta KOZler
Marion SnOw
ViRginia Hamill

DoroThy Dye
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Colonel Marsden's Ghost

The Williams' had just begun to get accustomed to their new house. Since the family consisted of the mother, father and two sons, they had experienced considerable difficulty in finding a house that was neither too large nor too small. They finally decided upon the old Marsden house, a beautiful colonial residence which had graced the town of Fairhaven for a good many years. The two boys, Bob and Phil, held high hopes that they might discover a secret room or a concealed staircase, but their eager searches brought no result and as time went on they gave their attention to more important matters.

Mr. Williams caught the early train to town every morning and this particular morning he chanced to sit in the same seat with Peter Bennett, his next door neighbor. After conversing about various business matters, Mr. Bennett said suddenly:

"Haven't noticed anything unusual over at your house, have you? Been troubled my any nocturnal disturbance?"

"Why, no, not that I know of," replied Mr. Williams. "Why?"

"Well, I came home from town rather late the other night and noticed a faint light shining in your attic. I thought it rather unusual, but I went on up to my room, which by the way, faces your house. Heard the most peculiar noise, long drawn-out wails, sometimes very soft and sometimes piercingly shrill."

"My goodness!" said the startled Mr. Williams. "I wonder that none of us heard it. However, all our family are sound sleepers. I certainly can't imagine what it could be."

"Indeed, it's quite possible that you wouldn't hear it. The light seemed to come from the farthest end of your attic, the part that projects over the ell facing our houses. Perhaps it's old Colonel Marsden's ghost," laughed Mr. Bennett.

"Glad you brought it to my attention. I will look into the matter," said Mr. Williams.

"Quite all right, my dear sir. I knew that the thing was unknown to you, and I thought it best to draw your attention to it." After which both men departed for their respective offices.

That night at dinner Mr. Williams related what he had heard to his family, who received the news with surprise and consternation. Mrs. Williams, who was of a somewhat nervous temperament, said:

"Henry, you must look into this matter at once. I shall not be able to close my eyes at night I shall be so worried. Probably it's some awful creature after my jewels," she wailed. Mrs. Williams always spoke of her few rings and strand of pearls as "her jewels" since she considered them a collection rivaled by few crowned heads.

"Aw, mom, it was probably old Colonel Marsden's ghost. They say he was an odd old man. Perhaps he came back to look for buried treasure," was the cheerful solution offered by her son Bob.

"I don't think it was anything at all," said Phil calmly, giving his younger brother a pitying look. "Old man Bennett must have been hearing things. It

must be good stuff, I wonder where he gets it.

"That will do, boys. Eat your dinner and rest assured that I will listen carefully tonight for any disturbance," said Mr. Williams firmly.

However, nothing happened that night, and the following night all went to bed relieved in mind. Not all went to sleep, though, since Bob had daringly decided, after careful deliberation, to go to the attic and watch for further developments. After silence had settled over the house, he stole softly out of his room and mounted the stairs, seating himself on the landing at the entrance to the attic. He had been sitting there some little time when suddenly he heard the soft pad-pad of a stealthy footstep ascending the stairs. Nearer and nearer it came, every step sending shivers of apprehension the length of Bob's spine. He drew towards the wall and remained still, scarcely breathing lest he betray his presence. A white-clad figure carrying an object under its arm passed him, opened the door of the attic and entered, the door swinging shut silently.

Poor Bob, half paralyzed with fear, fled down the stairs, gained the safety of his room, and hurled himself into bed. He decided to wait until morning to tell his father what he had seen and soon fell into a sleep of troubled dreams. After breakfast he drew his father aside and told him of the happenings of the previous night. His father decided that they would both keep watch that night and put an end to the apparition.

The last stroke of midnight found them on the landing. Again came the stealthy footstep, and the white figure came into sight, and disappeared behind the attic door. Bob and his father waited expectantly to see if anything further would happen. All at once a weird noise rang

out in the stillness. A shrill whistle followed by low moaning. Bob clutched his father's hand. "Let's go see what it is, Dad. I can't stand this suspense," he whispered.

"All right, son. Don't make any noise," cautioned Mr. Williams as he drew his revolver from his pocket. They crept up to the attic, listened an instant to the low wailing which continued from within, then Mr. Williams threw open the door and walked in, revolver in hand, followed by Bob. The sight which confronted them was so strange and unexpected that Bob and his father stood speechless. For there, seated on a chair, clad in his white pajamas, was Phil, playing a flute with all his might. He broke off in confusion when he saw his father and brother.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Mr. Williams. "So this is our midnight prowler. Why, I ask you, must you get up in the middle of the night to play that—that—what kind of an instrument is it?" he bellowed.

"It's a flute, Dad," answered Phil with a sheepish grin. "I got it from a mail-order house and was learning to play it so I could surprise you."

"Well, you certainly succeeded in surprising me. It's a wonder I didn't shoot off the gun in my amazement. However, now that I have all the facts of the matter I think you had better go to bed. You can practice downstairs until the neighbors begin to complain," chuckled Mr. Williams.

Although the Williams' never fully explained their nocturnal disturbance to the neighbors, all that is necessary to produce howls of merriment in that family is the mention of "Colonel Marsden's Ghost."

Millicent Gillpatrick, '28.

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Circumstances Alter the Case

"Going home, Rose Marie?" queried a diminutive person in a squirrel coat. "Yes, I am, and I don't think I'll wait for the end of the semester either. This is the most depressing institution I ever attended, and that's saying a lot." Thus responded the young lady addressed as Rose Marie. She was furious.

"Well, what's the matter now? Are the English assignments too heavy or is it that the food's not good enough?" teased her roommate.

"Really, Joe, for a girl of your years you show a delightful lack of brains. And on top of that a most discouraging amount of endurance. How can you stand this school? Doesn't it nearly drive you mad to be imprisoned here from one vacation to another, and can't you see that it's killing me? I tell you if I had to come back the second semester or take my choice of being a dottering beggar on the streets, I'd find a tin cup and get busy!"

"Well, that's pretty bad of course, but I do wish you would stay on, because this isn't bad at all, if you'd only make up your mind to like it. The imprisoning part is rather hard to take at first, and especially for a popular girl like you, who has always—"

"Enough," broke in Rose Marie. "Please, please don't make it any worse by getting sarcastic. I'm going home, and that settles that!"

"Oh, girls," wailed Joe, as she entered the study hall, "did you hear about the terrible decision my roomie has made? She's going home! Won't stay any longer. She's bored stiff with the place she claims, now isn't that just too bad?"

"Must all the unfortunate happenings come at once?" cried one of the other girls. Miss Page has to give up her chemistry class and go South because of her health. Now, I suppose we'll have some horrid person who is too far advanced in the subject to be anything but tyrannical with poor little girls like us."

"And that will be another incentive to Rose Marie's going. You know Miss Page was her favorite teacher," advised Joe.

It was several days later and Miss Page had left for her southern destination. Rose Marie, however, had decided to stay out the semester. "It is only by sheer will-power that I'm keeping up," she assured the girls.

"Isn't he handsome! Whose brother is he? Why, I never! Not really? The new chemistry professor! Why, girls, this is too good. You say he just finished his post-graduate work at one of the well-known eastern universities. I wonder which one. Well, it doesn't matter. The point is: he's very good to look at and that he came just in time to save me from begging. And with a fleeting glance of expectation Rose Marie tore out of the room and up the stairs to finish her—unpacking.

"Going home, Rose Marie?" queried a diminutive person in a blue dressing gown.

"No-o, don't think I will. I believe that with the proper tutoring I could make a career of science. And confidentially, of course, Joe, this really isn't such a bad place.

Helen Kelley, '28.

Ice-Skating

I have often watched skaters and admired their grace of movement. They seem to glide along with no effort whatever and perform a number of fancy steps with the ease of an aesthetic dancer. Now if so many, many people could do it so easily, why not I? So I determined to try. I did—and you know honestly, ice skating is not so easy as it looks. After putting on the skates I started off with a proud feeling of assurance. But, what on earth happens to one's ankles? They seem so unwilling to support the body. Could it be possible that I have gained in weight. I looked around me and noted the many flying figures. Was I the only one who had that peculiar weakness? Evidently, but I struggled along taking two strokes and then a little rest. At last it came—that which I had been expecting yet dreading—a fall. There seemed no particular reason for doing such a thing, but, nevertheless, my feet went out from under me and I sat down. In a way it was rather a relief from the strain of standing, so I remained awhile seated on the ice and rested my weary bones. After rising I continued my efforts, and before leaving the icy playground I had succeeded in taking five strokes. But at what a cost!

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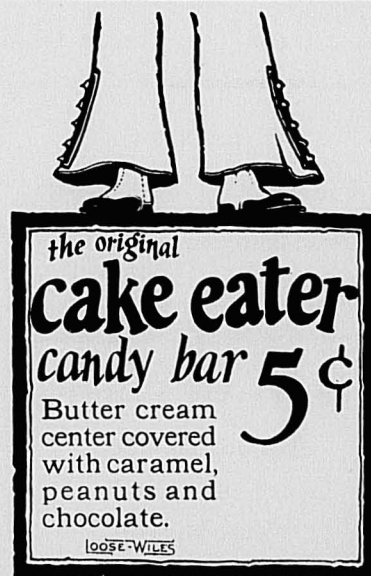
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